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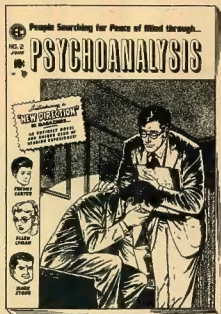
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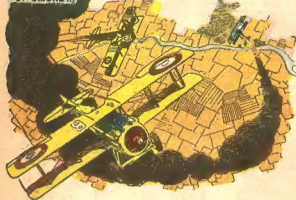
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# CHIVALRY!

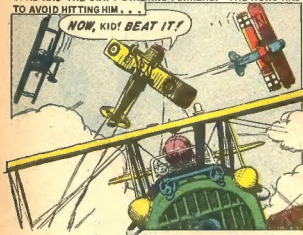
AS IT WAS IN OLDEN DAYS, WHEN CHIVALROUS KNIGHTS IN ARMOR SOUGHT COMBAT FOR GLORY AND ADVENTURE... SO IT WAS IN THAT SAME SPIRIT, IN THOSE DAYS OF '17, THAT GALLANT GLADIATORS IN LEATHER FLEW FORTH TO DO BATTLE IN THE SKIES. AND IN THE KAISERS TIME, AS IN THE TIME OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, THERE WERE LAWS... UNWRITTEN LAWS... RULES OF CONDUCT BY WHICH THESE WARRIORS IN SPADS AND FOKKERS LIVED AND DIED. THIS BOOK, THEN, IS A HISTORY OF SUCH MEN... AND THIS FIRST STORY, OF ONE MAN WHO VIOLATED THOSE CODES. OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A VIOLENT DOGFIGHT FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE BLEAKNESS OF NO-MAN'S-LAND... SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE...



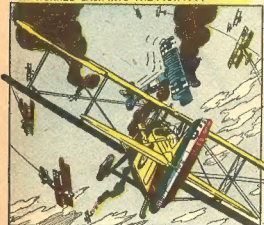
IT WAS LT. PATRICK HOGAN'S FIRST AIR SCRAP, AND HE TOOK IT WITH THE RELISH OF AN EAGLE RIPPING INTO A FLIGHT OF SPARROWS. ONLY FIVE MINUTES OF COMBAT HAD SCREAMED BY BEFORE PAT SENT HIS FIRST FOKKER SHRIEKING EARTHWARD, TRAILING AN OILY BLACK PLUME OF SMOKE...



PAT YANKED HARD ON THE STICK AND WENT INTO A CHANDELLE, COMING UP NEATLY BETWEEN "THE KID'S" FLEEING SPAD AND THE SWIFT STALKING FOKKERS. THE HUNS HAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM...



THE WIND SPUN PAT'S PROP. THE STALLED HISPANO-SUIZA MOTOR COUGHED AND CAUGHT. PAT ROARED BACK INTO THE FIGHT...



IT WAS "THE KID'S" FIRST AERIAL BATTLE, TOO. PAT RECOGNIZED STEVE BARRY'S SPAD AT A GLANCE... RECOGNIZED IT BY "THE KID'S" ERRATIC HANDLING OF THE SPEEDY SHIP. PAT SAW IN AN INSTANT THAT STEVE WAS IN TROUBLE. TWO HUNS WERE CONVERGING ON HIS TAIL...



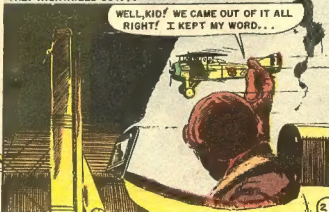
PAT HUNG THERE MOMENTARILY, THEN STALLED, FALLING OFF ON ONE WING...



HE FOUGHT OFF THE SPIN... THEN STICKED FORWARD INTO A DIVE...



AFTER A WHILE, THE YANKS' UNCONVENTIONAL, WILD-INDIAN COMBAT FLYING PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE METHODICAL JERRIES. THEIR SQUADRON LEADER WAGGLED HIS WINGS AND THEY HIGHTAILED OUT...





LATER, WHILE THE BOYS WERE BEERING UP AT SQUADRON 28'S CANTEEN...

I TELL YOU, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN FLYING LIKE IT! THERE I WAS WITH THOSE TWO FOKKERS GETTING THEIR SIGHTS ON MY TAIL, WHEN OUT OF NOWHERE COMES PAT...



BUT PAT WASN'T LISTENING TO "THE KID". PAT WAS REMEMBERING BACK TO MINEOLA DAYS... BACK WHEN HE'D FIRST MET STEVE BARRY...

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THE AIR CORPS, KID? HOW OLD ARE YOU? FIFTEEN? SIXTEEN?

I'M TWENTY... AND HERE'S MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE TO PROVE IT. I CARRY IT WITH ME BECAUSE NOBODY EVER BELIEVES ME!



STEVE WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS YOUNGER THAN PAT, BUT FROM THAT FIRST MINUTE ON, HE WAS ALWAYS "THE KID" TO PAT. AND THEY'D BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS...

YOU WILL LOOK AFTER STEVE FOR ME, WON'T YOU, PAT?

AW, MOM! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

SURE, MRS. BARRY! STEVE'S WELL, HE'S LIKE A BROTHER TO ME. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM...



IT HADN'T BEEN EASY LOOKING AFTER "THE KID". STEVE WAS YOUNG IN A LOT OF WAYS, WITH A YOUNGSTER'S INDIFFERENCE TO DANGER, AND WHEN HE AND PAT HAD STARTED THEIR AIR TRAINING...

DID YOU SEE ME STUNTING UP THERE, PAT?

I SAW... AND THE NEXT TIME YOU FLIRT WITH A MILITARY FUNERAL LIKE THAT, YOU'D BETTER STAY UP... BECAUSE I'LL SLAP YOUR EARS OFF WHEN YOU COME DOWN...



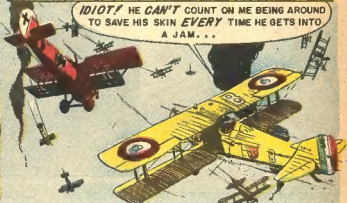
PAT HAD PICKED OFF THE PFALZ DOGGING "THE KID'S" TAIL. BUT IT WASN'T THIRTY SECONDS LATER THAT STEVE BARRY GOT HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER MESS. "THE KID" HAD SINGLED OUT THE SQUADRON LEADER, BARON WALTER VON RITTER... THE MAN RESPECTED BY ALL ALLIED AIRMEN AS GERMANY'S "FLYING FOX." PAT WAS MIXING IT UP WITH TWO FOKKERS WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HE SAW...

GOOD LORD! HE'S DIVING ON VON RITTER! NO, KID! DON'T!

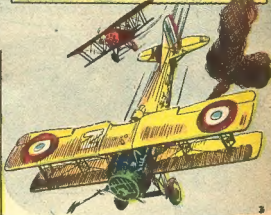


THOSE WERE THE THINGS PAT REMEMBERED THAT RAW APRIL DAY IN FRANCE IN THE CANTEEN OF THE 28TH. HE'D KEPT HIS WORD TO "THE KID'S" MOTHER THAT DAY. AND, JUST THREE DAYS LATER, HE WAS CALLED UPON TO DO IT AGAIN...

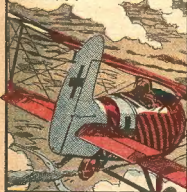
IDIOT! HE CAN'T COUNT ON ME BEING AROUND TO SAVE HIS SKIN EVERY TIME HE GETS INTO A JAM...



THE BARON REVVED DOWN. HIS PFALZ D-8 SEEMED TO HANG IN MID-AIR. STEVE'S SPAD SHRIEKED DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM...



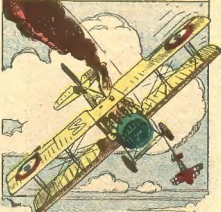
THEN VON RITTER PIQUED... A VERTICAL DIVE NO MORE THAN THIRTY YARDS BEHIND "THE KID." HIS TWIN SPANDAUS SPAT A STREAM OF TRACERS AFTER HIS PREY. . .



A FIERY STEEL SLUG HISSED PAST STEVE'S HEAD AND LOST ITSELF THROUGH THE INSTRUMENT PANEL INTO THE HISPANO. A MOMENT LATER, FLAME SPURTED OUT AT "THE KID"...



WITH FIRE SEARING HIM...CHOKING HIM... "THE KID" FLEW BY INSTINCT. THE SPAD SCREAMED AND GROANED AS HE PULLED IT OUT OF ITS DIVE AND ZOOMED...



THEN HE CUT HIS ENGINE AND WENT INTO A FAST SIDE-SLIP DRAWING THE FLAMES AWAY FROM HIM. . .



BARON VON RITTER WATCHED "THE KID'S" MANEUVERS WITH AMAZEMENT. . .

DONNERWETTER! HE HAS PUT OUT THE FIRE! WHAT A PITY TO HAVE TO DESTROY HIM AFTER THAT!



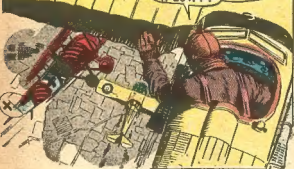
STEVE WAS FLYING LEVEL NOW, MOVING SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE BATTLE-GROUND IN THE SKY. THE GERMAN ACE DREW EVEN WITH HIM AND HE COULD SEE "THE KID" WRITHING IN AGONY...

ACH, DU LIEBER... SO YOUNG! THOSE AMERICANS... THEY HAVE CHILDREN FLYING THEIR PLANES NOW!



PAT HAD DISENGAGED HIMSELF FROM THE DOGFIGHT AND RACED AFTER THE KID. AS HE NEARED THE PFALZ AND THE CRIPPLED SPAD, HE COULD SEE THE GALLANT ENEMY HOVERING PROTECTIVELY OVER HIS HELPLESS BUDDY. PAT SALUTED GRATEFULLY. . .

THANKS, JERRY! THANKS A LOT. . .



LATER, PAT VISITED STEVE BARRY AT THE 28TH'S INFIRMARY. . .

YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, KID! WHY VON RITTER SPARED YOU, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM FOR THIS!



AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE C.O. OF JAGSTAFFEL *XII*, BARON WALTER VON RITTER, WAS DISCUSSING THE AIR BATTLE OVER A STEIN OF PILSENER...



SO YOUNG HE WAS! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE SHOOTING DOWN A CHILD!

I WONDER IF THE AMERICAN WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT CONSIDERATE HAD IT BEEN ONE OF US, HERR BARON!

I THINK SO, LIEUTENANT! JA! HE'D HAVE DONE THE *SAME THING!* LIKE WITH US, IT IS NOT *MEN* THEY ARE FIGHTING, BUT *IDEAS...PHILOSOPHIES!* THEY THINK *ONE THING...WE ANOTHER...*



A NEARBY VOICE INTERRUPTED THE BARON... A LOUD, BOASTFUL VOICE. VON RITTER TURNED AND STUDIED THE NEW ARRIVAL...



YOU, THERE! JA, YOU, LIEUTENANT! COME HERE!

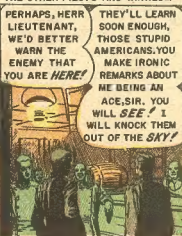
THE BRAGGART APPROACHED HIS C.O., SNAPPED A SALUTE, AND REGARDED HIS SUPERIOR WITH SUCH A HAUGHTY AIR THAT VON RITTER WAS FORCED TO SMILE...



AH, I SEE WE HAVE WITH US A *FUTURE ACE!* YOUR NAME...?

LIEUTENANT HORST VIEGELL, SIR! I HAVE NOT YET BEEN IN COMBAT, BUT MY COMMANDANT AT THE AIR SCHOOL SAID I AM A *NATURAL FLIER!*

THE BARON LOOKED AROUND AT THE OTHER PILOTS AND WINKED...



PERHAPS, HERR LIEUTENANT, WE'D BETTER WARN THE ENEMY THAT YOU ARE *HERE!*

THEY'LL LEARN SOON ENOUGH, THOSE STUPID AMERICANS. YOU MAKE IRONIC REMARKS ABOUT ME BEING AN ACE, SIR. YOU WILL *SEE!* I WILL KNOCK THEM OUT OF THE *SKY!*

PERHAPS YOU *SHOULD* WARN THEM, HERR BARON... WARN THE AMERICANS THAT YOU HAVE A FIGHTER WHO WILL GIVE NO *QUARTER...NO MERCY!*

THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS YOU HAD BETTER *LEARN,* HERR VIEGELL. *RULES WE GO BY...*



*RULES, SIR? I LEARNED NO RULES! I HEARD NONE! I KNOW ONLY TO FLY... AND KILL!*

YOU WILL DO WELL TO OBSERVE THE BEHAVIOR, NOT ONLY OF YOUR *COMRADES,* HERR VIEGELL, BUT OF THE *ENEMY* AS WELL. WE ARE *SOLDIERS* OF THE AIR... *NOT MURDERERS!*



THE NEW LIEUTENANT GLANCED ICILY AT HIS COMMANDING OFFICER...

NOT MEANING TO BE *DISRESPECTFUL,* HERR BARON... BUT THE *KAISER HIMSELF* HAS SAID, "DESTROY THE ENEMY!" DESTROY! DESTROY! DESTROY!



BUT AT THE *SAME TIME,* HERR LIEUTENANT, HAVE A CARE NOT TO DESTROY THE ONLY *DECENCY* WE HAVE *KNOWN* IN THIS BRUTAL WAR... THE RULES OF *FAIR PLAY!*





LT. HORST VIEGEL FLEW ON PATROLS THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, BUT WHILE ENEMY PLANES WERE SIGHTED, THEY WERE NOT ENGAGED IN BATTLE. THE YOUNG GERMAN CHAFED AT THE BIT UNTIL THAT MORNING THE ORDER CAME TO ATTACK SQUADRON 28'S AERODROME AND HANGERS. JAGSTAFFEL **XXX** TOOK OFF IN FULL FORCE AT DAWN...



THE 28TH'S WIRELESS RECEIVER PICKED UP THE URGENT MESSAGE. IN TWO MINUTES THE YANKS WERE IN THEIR TEDDY BEAR SUITS...

YOU'RE NOT GOING, KID. YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH YET!

DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, PAT! I'M A BIG BOY NOW! I'VE BEEN IN DOGFIGHTS! I DON'T NEED A NURSEMAID!



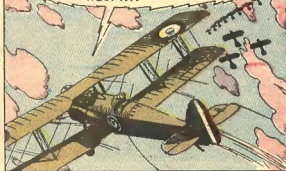
OUTNUMBERED, THE YANKS FOUGHT VALIANTLY. IN THE MIST OF THE MELEE, PAT LOOKED AROUND FOR "THE KID". WHAT HE SAW MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...

ROLL AWAY, KID! ROLL... OH, LORD! HE'S OUT OF CONTROL! HE CAN'T PULL OUT! AND THAT HUN IS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL...



LT. WES BARROWS WAS ON DAWN PATROL, ALONE, JUST ONE MILE FROM GERMAN LINES WHEN HE SIGHTED THE ENEMY SQUADRON FLYING WEST. HE LOWERED HIS WIRE AERIAL AND TAPPED OUT A MESSAGE...

THREE ALBATROSS BOMBERS...NINE FIGHTER ESCORTS... HEADING... AERODROME...GET ALOFT...



SO "THE KID", STEVE BARRY, TOOK OFF WITH THE INTERCEPTOR FLIGHT...SIX SPADS. AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THEY MET THE ONCOMING HUNS HEAD ON...



LT. HORST VIEGEL, THE PILOT OF THE FOKKER ON STEVE BARRY'S TAIL, KEPT POURING HOT STEEL AT "THE KID'S" FALLING SPAD...

NOW, HERR BARON! OBSERVE THE FIRST KILL OF A NEW AGE!





SOMEHOW, "THE KID" MANAGED TO PULL HIS PLANE OUT OF ITS TAIL-SPIN JUST BEFORE IT GLIDED IN AND SMASHED THROUGH SOME BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.



"THE KID" CLIMBED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND STARTED TO RUN FOR THE YANK TRENCHES LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.



PAT WAS ON HIS WAY DOWN TO HELP HIS BUDDY WHEN HE SAW THE FOKKER SCREAM IN...MACHINE GUNS BLAZING...

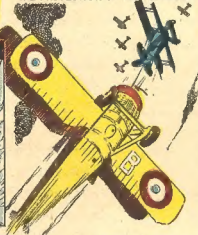


KID! LOOK OUT, KID! OH, YOU DIRTY HUN!

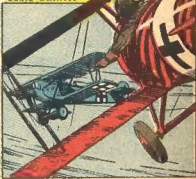
"THE KID" WAS CAUGHT IN THE WITHERING STRAFING FIRE. HE CRUMBLLED INTO A LIFELESS HEAP. LT. VIEGEL ZOOMED. PAT SHRIEKED IN BEHIND...THROWING INCENDIARY STEEL...



VIEGEL SAW THE TRACERS STREAK BY. HE CLIMBED FRANTICALLY TO THE PROTECTION OF HIS COMRADES.



BUT LT. HORST VIEGEL'S SQUADRON MATES HAD SEEN IT ALL. BARON VON RITTER PEELED OFF, AND CUT IN FRONT OF THE CLIMBING FOKKER... FORCING HIM TO TURN AWAY...FORCING HIM TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE PURSUING YANK...



LT. PAT HOGAN CAME UNDER THE BELLY OF THE DESPISED HUN...HIS VICKERS GUNS CHATTERING STEADILY...VIEGEL'S FOKKER EXPLODED IN A FIERY ROAR...



PAT TURNED SLOWLY AWAY. HE WAS WILLING TO DIE NOW, BUT NOT A JERRY OPENED UP. INSTEAD, THE BARON'S PFALZ CAME BY... AND THE BARON SALUTED HIM. IT WAS A TRIBUTE...AND AN APOLOGY... ALL IN ONE. PAT SMILED SADLY AND RETURNED THE SALUTE...



THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT NOW. "THE KID" WAS GONE. PAT WOULD MISS HIM. BUT ONE THING HADN'T CHANGED. PAT KNEW THAT. DECENCY. THAT STILL RULED IN THE AIR OVER FRANCE...

-THE END-



# THE ACE OF ACES



A low flying Bristol fighter plane swooped in over the German lines in the Somme sector on a blazing hot August day in 1916. While the tired German riflemen in the trenches gaped aloft, the daring British pilot wheeled in lazy circles, sent his plane through a series of loops and then buzzed the trenches. He flew so low, that his wheels almost touched the sand-bagged parapets. Incensed by such insulting behavior, the infantrymen banged away at the elusive flyer with Mausers and machine guns. Apparently the Englishman had been baiting them for precisely such a reaction.

He doubled back and once more buzzed the lines. This time he wasn't fooling. His Vickers machine gun spat lead and he pushed his craft to top speed, racing up and down through the German positions, shooting up everything in sight. Some of his bullets found an ammo dump which went up with a roar, spreading flames and death. Soon, the sporadic rifle fire below ceased, as the Germans scurried for cover and stayed there. In a final defiant gesture, the English aviator made another pass. Any hardy soul who had the courage to look up would have seen that the flyer was thumbing his nose at the cowering troops crouching in the trenches.

This kind of reckless exploit was routine for Captain Albert Ball, a twenty year old airman who was a terror to the enemy and the outstanding ace in the Royal Flying Corps. Having enlisted as an infantry soldier when the war broke out in 1914, Ball soon found that trench warfare did not suit his temperament.

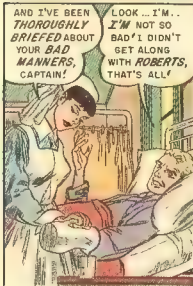
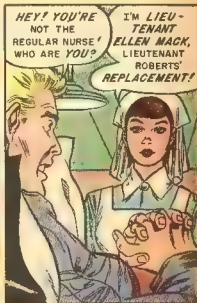
Not being the shy, retiring type, young Ball did something about his plight. He decided that the future of warfare lay with the Air Service, so in October, 1915, he transferred to the fledgling Royal Flying Corps. On February 18, 1916, Ball was sent to France and went into action a few days later in the Somme sector. From the moment he left the ground on his first combat mission, the Germans, cocky over recent air victories, realized that they were in for a rough time.

Ball treated the most seasoned German aces as if they were raw recruits. He flew rings around them, broke up their formations, displayed weird tactics that completely unnerved the enemy, and never backed out of a scrap. He was practically a one-man squadron. Like most aces, Ball was flamboyant. He decorated his plane with outlandish symbols and adapted, for himself, a most unique costume. Whenever he took off, he wrapped a long blue scarf around his throat. The scarf was so long that it fluttered out beyond the plane, trailing from the open cockpit for all the world to see that Albert Ball was on the loose.

On May 6, 1917, Ball accomplished the incredible feat of destroying 39 enemy planes, both in the air and on the ground. There were grim faces in the mess halls of a dozen German squadrons that night. The word went out to get Ball at all costs. Four days later, a squadron led by the great von Richthofen, finally brought Ball down. Ball died in his plane, but his spirit lived and carried the men of the Royal Flying Corps to the final victory many months later.

# REVENGE

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARREN OF THE 97TH PURSUIT SQUADRON, UNITED STATES AIR CORPS, WAS A FLYING FOOL WHO CHAFED AT THE BIT WHEN GERMAN MACHINE GUN SLUGS DOWNED HIS SPAD AND PUT HIM ON THE SHELF WITH A FRACTURED LEG. HE RESENTED THIS ENFORCED INACTIVITY, AND LET EVERYONE AT THE BASE HOSPITAL KNOW IT, UNTIL ONE DAY...





AS THE WEEKS SLOWLY PASSED, CAPTAIN WARREN'S LEG HEALED AND HE WAS FINALLY SCHEDULED TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL. BUT BY THEN, HIS PERSONAL SITUATION HAD CHANGED QUITE DRASTICALLY, AND THIS NEWS SCARCELY BROUGHT HIM JOY...

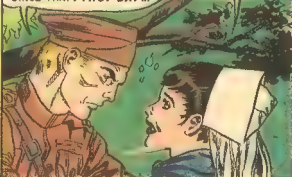


I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN. THE ORDERLY GAVE ME YOUR MAIL...

THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT. I... OH, **BLAST IT**, ELLEN! I CAN'T GO **ON** LIKE THIS ANY MORE! TIME IS RUNNING OUT! I'LL BE **LEAVING** HERE SOON AND I'VE GOT TO LET YOU KNOW HOW I **FEEL** ABOUT YOU!

ALL THESE WEEKS, I'VE KEPT UP THIS MASQUERADE. THIS POLITE, ALOOF FRONT! BUT THE MASK IS **OFF NOW!** ELLEN... LISTEN TO ME... I... **I LOVE YOU!** EVER SINCE THAT **FIRST DAY**...

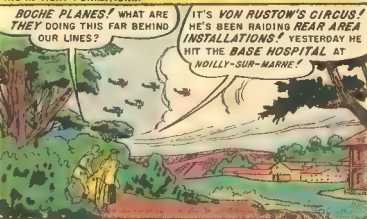
OH, BILL... YOU **BIG GOOF!** I THOUGHT YOU'D **NEVER** COME OUT WITH IT!



YOU MEAN THAT YOU THAT YOU **KNEW**...? THERE HASN'T BEEN A MAN WHO COULD KEEP HIS FEELINGS FROM A WOMAN SINCE ADAM AND EVE, DARLING! OH, BILL... I'M **SO HAPPY!** I...



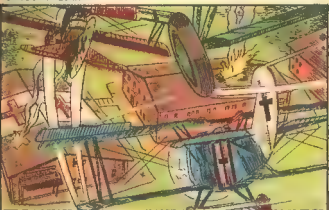
BUT EVEN AT THAT ECSTATIC MOMENT, THE WAR... LIKE AN EVIL OMINOUS SHADOW... BROUGHT BILL AND ELLEN SUDDENLY BACK TO STARK REALITY. IT CAME IN THE FORM OF FIVE FOKKER CHASER SHIPS FLYING IN TIGHT FORMATION...



**BOCHE PLANES!** WHAT ARE THEY DOING THIS FAR BEHIND OUR LINES?

IT'S **VON RUSTOW'S CIRCUS!** HE'S BEEN RAIDING **REAR AREA INSTALLATIONS!** YESTERDAY HE HIT THE **BASE HOSPITAL** AT **NOILLY-SUR-MARNE!**

THE FOKKER FORMATION ROARED IN LOW OVER THE WOODEN HOSPITAL BUILDINGS... THEIR CHATTERING SPANDAU GUNS POURING INCENDIARY BULLETS. TENDRILS OF SMOKE AND TONGUES OF FLAME BEGAN TO RISE FROM THE RIDDLED STRUCTURES...



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE PITILESS HUNS ATTACKED. THE AIR ABOVE THE HOSPITAL RESOUNDED WITH THE ROAR OF ENGINES, THE STACCATO TATTOO OF MACHINE GUNS, THE CRACKLING OF MOUNTING FLAMES...



**BILL! THE PATIENTS!** I'M GOING TO HELP!

**ELLEN! COME BACK!**

AS ELLEN RAN OUT INTO THE OPEN, A RED FOKKER WITH A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA BANKED SHARPLY AND DIVED EARTHWARD...

THE DEATH'S HEAD SEEMED TO GRIN EVILY AS THE FOKKER WHINED DOWN UNTIL THE RUNNING GIRL WAS IN THE SIGHTS OF ITS SPANDAU.

A TWIN STREAM OF STEEL CHATTERED ACROSS THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS... KICKING UP DIRT. CHASING THE HELPLESS NURSE...

SHE PITCHED FORWARD THE FOKKER ZOOMED



ELLEN! COME BACK! THAT PLANE!



ELLEN!



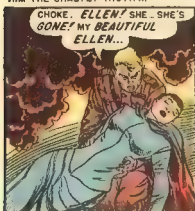
OH, LORD!



HORRIFIED, BILL HOBBOLED TO THE FALLEN ELLEN AND KNEALT BESIDE HER. HE GATHERED HER LIMP BODY IN HIS ARMS AND ONE GLANCE TOLD HIM THE GHASTLY TRUTH...

HE TURNED SLOWLY, HIS FACE A MASK OF HATE AND GRIEF. HE SCREAMED AFTER THE FLEEING RED FOKKER...

NUMB WITH SHOCK, BILL WATCHED GRIMLY AS THEY CARRIED ELLEN'S BODY AWAY



CHOKO. ELLEN! SHE... SHE'S GONE! MY BEAUTIFUL ELLEN...

WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE! YOU TOOK HER FROM ME BEFORE WE COULD KNOW ANY HAPPINESS! I'LL GET YOU! I WON'T REST UNTIL I'VE FOUND YOU AND KILLED YOU FOR THIS!

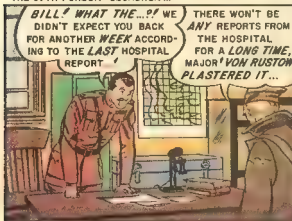


THE PLANE WITH THE DEATH'S HEAD WAS VON RUSTOW HIMSELF! HE'S ONE OF THE HUN'S BEST PILOTS...

I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS... I'LL GET HIM SOMEHOW...



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE OPERATIONS OFFICE OF THE 97TH PURSUIT SQUADRON...



BILL! WHAT THE...? WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK FOR ANOTHER WEEK ACCORDING TO THE LAST HOSPITAL REPORT...

THERE WON'T BE ANY REPORTS FROM THE HOSPITAL FOR A LONG TIME, MAJOR! VON RUSTOW PLASTERED IT...



YOU MEAN?

YEAH! WIPED OUT! I'VE GOT A PERSONAL ACCOUNT TO SETTLE WITH THAT BOCHE RAT. I WANT ACTION AND I WANT IT FAST! PUT ME BACK ON COMBAT DUTY, MAJOR...

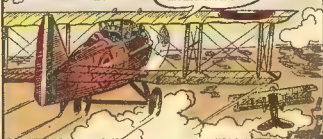
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BILL! YOU'RE WELCOME HERE...VERY WELCOME. BUT YOU'RE NOT RUNNING THE 97TH! I AM! YOU'RE NOT FIT FOR COMBAT YET, AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU HOBBLER IN HERE LIKE AN OLD MAN! I'LL ASSIGN YOU TO ESCORTING O.P.'S, BUT THAT'S ALL! THIS IS NO PRIVATE WAR, YOU KNOW!

FOR ME IT IS, AND IT WON'T END UNTIL I FIND VON RUSTOW...



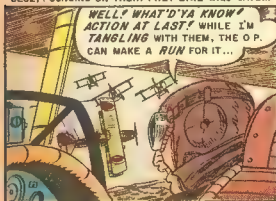
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, WHILE THE REST OF THE BOYS OF THE 97TH MET THE BOCHE IN FIERCE DOG FIGHTS, BILL WAS SENT OUT ON DULL ROUTINE MISSIONS. ONE MORNING, AS HE WAS FLYING ESCORT TO A SLOW MOVING OBSERVATION PLANE ...

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE ELLEN DIED... AND WHAT HAVE I DONE TO AVENGE HER?! NOTHING! INSTEAD, I'M OUT ON THESE MILK RUNS...

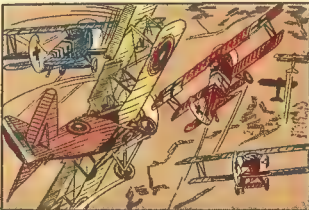


SUDDENLY, A TRIO OF FOKKER CHASERS... SPOTTING THE CLUMSY O.P. AND ITS SINGLE SPAD GUARDIAN, AND SENSING AN EASY KILL...DROPPED OUT OF THE BLUE, POUNCING ON THEIR PREY LIKE WILD CATS...

WELL! WHAT'D'YA KNOW! ACTION AT LAST! WHILE I'M TANGLING WITH THEM, THE O.P. CAN MAKE A RUN FOR IT...



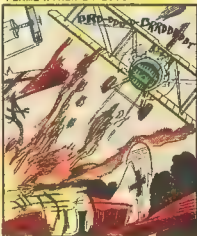
AS THE THREE BOCHE PLANES SCREAMED DOWN, BILL YANKED BACK ON HIS STICK AND ZOOMED INTO AN INSIDE LOOP...PULLING OUT ON THE FOKKERS' TAILS ...



THE MUNS SCATTERED AS BILL OPENED FIRE...



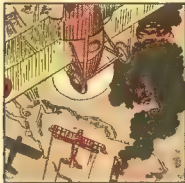
BUT HIS TRACERS HAD FOUND A MARK. THE FIRST FOKKER SHUDDERED ...SPIT A FEW ANGRY TONGUES OF FLAME ...THEN EXPLODED...



BILL KICKED HIS RUDDER AND CHANDELLED, COMING UP UNDER THE SECOND FOKKER AS IT LOOPED. HIS TRACERS PINHOLED ALONG ITS FUSELAGE UNTIL THEY FOUND THE COCKPIT...



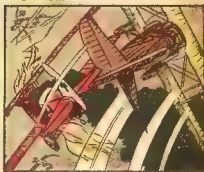
ITS PILOT DEAD AT THE CONTROLS, THE SECOND FOKKER SPUN EARTHWARD CRAZILY. THE THIRD FOKKER WAS FAR BELOW, BANKING OUT OF ITS ESCAPE DIVE AND HEADING EAST. BILL PUSHED THE STICK FORWARD, AND ROARED DOWN AT IT...



AS HE CAME WITHIN RANGE, BILL OPENED UP. HIS GUNS CHATTERED, SENDING THEIR INCENDIARY STEEL STREAKING ACROSS THE SKY...



AS THE LAST OF THE AMMUNITION IN HIS GUN BELT WAS SENT ON ITS FLAMING WAY AND BILL'S VICKERS CLICKED HOLLOWLY, THE THIRD FOKKER BURST INTO FLAMES AND CAREENED TOWARDS THE GROUND, A BILLOWING TRAIL OF SMOKE MARKING THE COURSE OF ITS EARTHWARD PLUNGE...

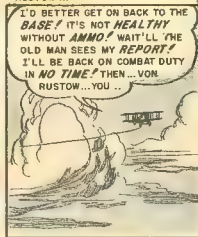


BILL SMILED GRIMLY OVER HIS TRIPLE KILL. BEFORE TURNING HOMEWARD, HE SALUTED THE FALLEN ENEMY...

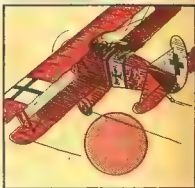


BUT HIS VICTORY WAS AN EMPTY VICTORY. THERE WAS STILL VON RUSTOW ...

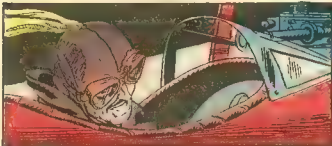
I'D BETTER GET ON BACK TO THE BASE! IT'S NOT HEALTHY WITHOUT AMMO! WAIT'LL THE OLD MAN SEES MY REPORT! I'LL BE BACK ON COMBAT DUTY IN NO TIME! THEN ... VON RUSTOW...YOU ...



AS THE AMERICAN CURSED AND RE-SWORE HIS BLOOD-OATH OF VENGEANCE, HE WAS UNAWARE THAT FAR ABOVE HIM... HIDING IN THE SKY, LURKED THE OBJECT OF HIS HATE... A RED FOKKER WITH A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA ...



AND AS ITS CONTROLS. BARON WILHELM VON RUSTOW, THE GERMAN ACE, WITH FORTY-ONE ENEMY PLANES TO HIS CREDIT. A SARDONIC SMILE CROSSED THE BARON'S LIPS. FOR THIS WAS HOW IT WAS DONE! WAIT IN THE SUN AS THE REST OF THE CIRCUS ATTACKED! CATCH THE CRIPPLED...THE HELPLESS THAT REMAINED...THE ENEMY PLANES THAT HAD SPENT THEIR AMMO...



THE BARON'S THUMB CARESSED THE GUNTRIPS ON HIS CONTROL STICK AS HE EASED IT FORWARD. THE FOKKER NOSED DOWN





BILL LOOKED AROUND WILDLY AS SPANDAU SLUGS RIPPED THROUGH HIS PLANE



THE AMERICAN KICKED HIS SPAD INTO AN IMMELMANN AS HOT STEEL TORE INTO HIS SHOULDER. THE BOCHE ACE ZOOMED AFTER HIM.



SUDDENLY BILL COULD SEE ELLEN RUNNING HELPLESS. THE RED FOKKER SWOOPING LOW. MACHINE GUNS BLAZING. AND THE SEARING PAIN IN HIS SHOULDER WAS NUMBED BY THE SEARING HATE IN HIS HEART AND THE BROILING THOUGHTS OF REVENGE IN HIS BRAIN...



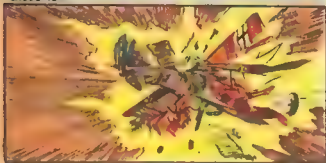
THE AMERICAN YANKED BACK ON HIS THROTTLE AND BANKED SHARPLY. SLOWING SUDDENLY, THE GERMAN ROARED PAST HIM.



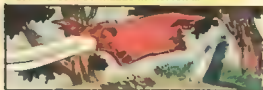
BILL LAGGED BEHIND THE BOCHE ACE NOW, GAUGING THE TEUTON'S MANEUVER. THE GERMAN BANKED WIDELY, EXPECTING THE AMERICAN TO DOG HIS TAIL. INSTEAD, AS HE COMPLETED HIS TURN, HE FOUND HIMSELF HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ONRUSHING SPAD...



TOO LATE, VON RUSTOW UNDERSTOOD THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AMERICAN'S TRICK. WITH NO AMMO, THIS WAS THE **ONLY** WAY THE FOOL COULD **DESTROY HIM!** THE SPAD AND THE FOKKER MET HEAD-ON, SPLINTERING INTO A THOUSAND PIECES OF FABRIC AND WOOD AND METAL AND FLAMING GASOLINE.



SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE LINES, IN A QUIET PEACEFUL GLEN WHERE THE FULL-FOLIAGED TREES WERE SILENT SENTRIES GUARDING THOSE WHO SLEPT THE ETERNAL SLEEP, A SCORCHED STRIP OF RED FABRIC FROM A GERMAN PLANE BLEW ACROSS A MILITARY GRAVE MARKED: "ELLEN MACK, LIEUTENANT U.S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, KILLED IN ACTION".



AS CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARREN HAD PROMISED, ELLEN'S DEATH HAD BEEN AVENGED...

— THE END —

# LOCKER 9

**PROLOGUE:** HE HAD BEEN AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, AND BECAUSE HE'D LOVED PARIS, AND BECAUSE THE DRUMS HAD ROLLED AND THE TRUMPETS HAD CALLED, BURT ROLFE HAD PUT ON THE POILU'S UNIFORM AND MARCHED WITH THE FRENCH AGAINST THE BOCHE. BUT IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, YOUNG ROLFE HAD ONLY ONCE SEEN PARIS AGAIN. INSTEAD, DAILY, HE'D SEEN THE UGLINESS OF WAR. IN THE MUD AND THE SLIME AND THE FILTH AND THE LIEGE OF THE TRENCHES OF FRANCE, BURT ROLFE SOON FORGOT HIS LOVE FOR PARIS. HE LONGED TO BE FREE...FREE AS A BIRD..

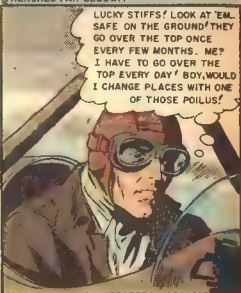
SEE IT UP THERE?  
THAT'S A MORANE-  
SAULMER. LOOK AT  
IT! LIKE A BIRD!  
FREE! NO GOING  
OVER THE TOP FOR  
THAT AVIATOR! ONLY  
COMFORTABLE  
QUARTERS...THE  
BEST FOOD...GOOD  
LIQUOR...AND WOMEN...

YOU AND YOUR  
AEROPLANES!  
MON DIEU! HOW  
LONG HAVE YOU  
HAD YOUR APPLICA-  
TION IN TO JOIN  
THE LAFAYETTE  
ESCADRILLE,  
MON AMI? A  
YEAR? MORE?

BURT IS RIGHT,  
HENRI! WE ALL  
ENVY HIS ABILITY TO  
FLY. ONE DAY THE  
ESCADRILLE WILL  
CALL HIM, AND THEN  
HE WILL BE UP THERE  
...SAFE... LIKE  
THAT AVIATOR!



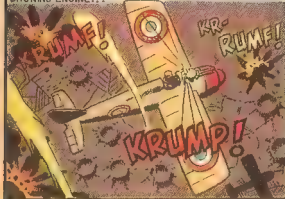
**STORY:** OVERHEAD, LT. EDDIE BLACKTON KEENED HIS EARS, LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF ENEMY PLANES OVER THE WEARISOME DRONE OF HIS OWN MONOSOUPE ENGINE. HE LOOKED AROUND AND THEN DOWN AT THE TRENCHES FAR BELOW..



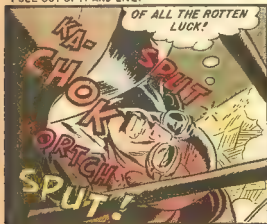
AS LT. BLACKTON CROSSED THE DESOLATION OF NO-MAN'S-LAND INTO GERMAN TERRITORY, HE AND HIS FLIMSY MORANE WERE GREETED BY ARCHY'S BLACK PUFFS...



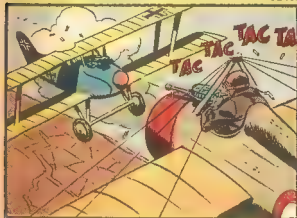
BESIDE THE BURSTING ACK-ACK SHELLS, THE GERMANS SENT UP "FLAMING ONIONS" TOO... BLAZING CHUNKS OF MOLTEN METAL THAT THREATENED TO SET AFIRE THE LINEN FABRIC OF THE MORANE'S WINGS... ALL THAT KEPT LT. BLACKTON ALOFT... THOSE, AND HIS DRONING ENGINE...



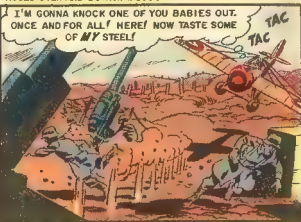
THE AMERICAN HAD JUST STARTED HIS PIQUE, WHEN A CYLINDER WENT DUD, AND THE ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND VIBRATE. HE WAS LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO PULL OUT OF IT AND LIVE.



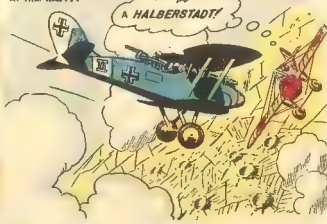
WITH A CYLINDER GONE, THE AMERICAN KNEW THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY OF OUTMANEUVERING THE BOCHE CRAFT. HIS ONLY CHANCE LAY IN SURPRISE. HE YANKED THE STICK, NOSING RIGHT UP AT THE HALBERSTADT... HIS MACHINE-GUN BLAZING.



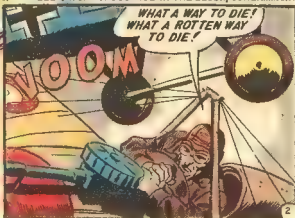
THE BOCHE ARCHY-GUNNERS ANGERED LT. EDDIE BLACKTON SO MANY AGAINST ONE. HE CURSED SOFTLY AND KICKED THE RUDDER PEDALS, PUSHING THE STICK FORWARD. THE MORANE NOSED OVER AND DOWNWARD...



EDDIE KICKED LEFT RUDDER, SWUNG WEST-NORTH-WEST, AND STARTED HIS LONG LIMPING WAY HOME. BUT HE SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT HIS WAY, FOR HEADING STRAIGHT AT HIM WAS...



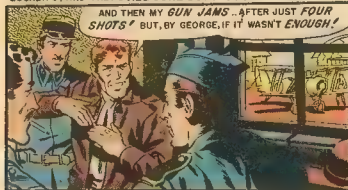
FOUR BULLETS CHATTERED FROM EDDIE'S LEWIS GUN... THEN... JAM! AS THE HALBERSTADT ROARED OVER-HEAD, HE WORKED FRANTICALLY TO FREE THE CRUSHED STEEL CAUGHT CROSSWISE IN THE BLOCK, SCREAMING...



EDDIE WAITED FOR THE HALBERSTADT TO CIRCLE BACK. HE WAITED FOR THE SPANDAU SLUGS TO RIP ACROSS HIS FUSELAGE... TEAR INTO HIM. BUT THEY DIDN'T COME. HE SPUN AROUND. THE HALBERSTADT WAS SHOOTING EARTHWARD, A FLAMING DART IN THE SKY...



THE MEN OF THE ESCADRILLE ALL CONGRATULATED EDDIE AS THEY ACCOMPANIED HIM TO QUARTERS WHERE HE STUFFED HIS GEAR INTO LOCKER 9. BUT STILL, THE MEN OF THE ESCADRILLE ALL KNEW THAT IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE EDDIE WOULD GET HIS, BECAUSE HE HAD LOCKER 9. FIVE MEN BEFORE EDDIE HAD HAD LOCKER 9, AND THEY'D ALL GONE DOWN IN FLAMES!..



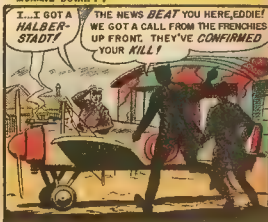
THE "VICTORY BOTTLE"... THAT SPECIAL FLASK OF FINE COGNAC RESERVED FOR MEN WHO HAD SCORED A KILL. THEY ALL JOINED EDDIE AT THE CANTEN BAR AND GRINNED AS HE PULLED THE CORK...



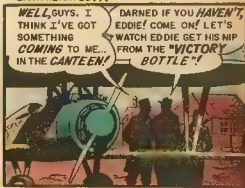
...AND RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS...



THE OTHER FLIERS OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE WERE WAITING ON THE AERODROME TO GREET HIM WHEN EDDIE SET HIS CRIPPLED AND GUN-JAMMED MORANE DOWN. . .



LOCKER 9 WAS JINKED! EVERYBODY KNEW IT. EDDIE'D EVENTUALLY LEARNED OF IT. NOBODY TALKED ABOUT IT. NOBODY WANTED TO. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CRAZY THINGS. EVEN EDDIE DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE THE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IT. HE TRIED TO BE GAY. . . LIGHTHEARTED. . .

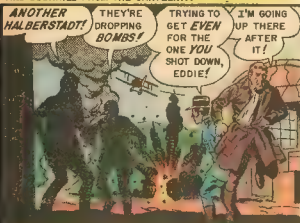


AND WAITED FOR THE COGNAC THAT WOULD NEVER COME. FOR THE "VICTORY BOTTLE" WAS EMPTY. NOT ONE SINGLE DROP WAS LEFT. ALL FELL SILENT AT THIS EVIL OMEN

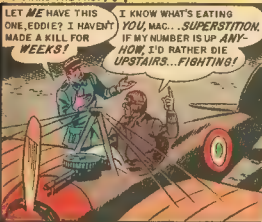




A SHATTERING CRU-U-UMP OUTSIDE ON THE FIELD STIRRED THE MEN INTO ACTION. THEY HEARD THE DISTANT ENGINE AND SCURRIED FROM THE CANTEEN...



LT. EDDIE BLACKTON SWUNG HIMSELF INTO THE COCKPIT AND SIGNALLED THE GREASEMONKEYS TO SWING THE PROP.



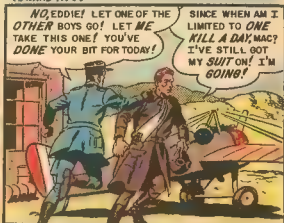
IT WAITED, WHILE LT. BLACKTON CLIMBED...



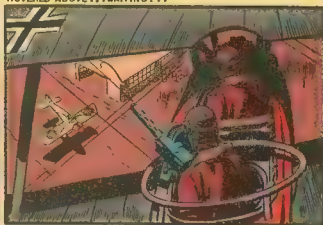
...CLIMBED HIGH OVER THE BOCHE PLANE...



THE GREASEMONKEYS HAD ROLLED OUT A MORANE AT THE HALBERSTADT'S FIRST PASS. EDDIE SPURTED TOWARD IT...



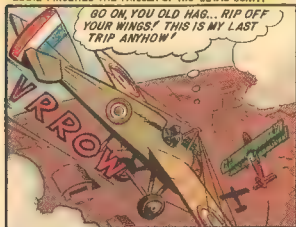
THE HUN HALBERSTADT MUST HAVE SEEN THE MORANE TAXI DOWN THE FIELD INTO THE WIND...YET, DEFIANTLY, THE ENEMY HOVERED ABOVE...WAITING...



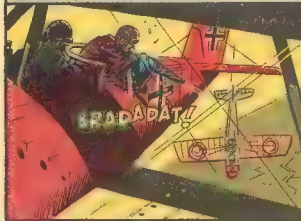
AND THEN, FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE TWO-SEATER HALBERSTADT, EDDIE GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SHOVED THE STICK FORWARD...



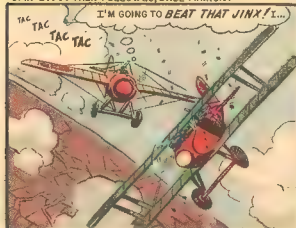
DOWN WENT THE MORANE...DOWN...DOWN...THE WIND SCREAMING THROUGH HER STRAINING STRUT-WIRES EDDIE FINGERED THE TRIGGER OF HIS LEWIS GUN...



RIDDLED, BUT UNHURT, THE HALBERSTADT ZOOMED... LET THE MORANE SLIDE BY BENEATH. THE VENGEANCE-BENT OBSERVER BLASTED AT LT. BLACKTON UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF RANGE...



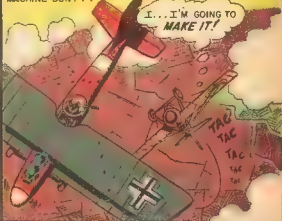
THE HALBERSTADT SIDE-SLIPPED, THEN WENT INTO A VRILLE. EDDIE, SUSPECTING A RUSE, LET THE FALLING BOCHE SPIN BY... THEN FOLLOWED, STILL FIRING...



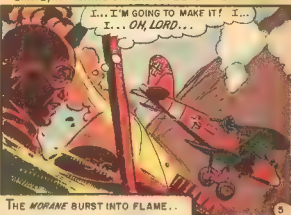
A BARE TWO HUNDRED FEET FROM THE HALBERSTADT'S TAIL, EDDIE SENT A LINE OF BLAZING TRACERS AT THE ENEMY...



FAR BELOW NOW, THE AMERICAN CHANDELLED... CLIMBED IN CORKSCREW FASHION... COMING UP BENEATH THE GERMAN SHIP. AGAIN, EDDIE TRIGGERED HIS MACHINE GUN...



THE HUN PILOT WAS DEAD... BUT NOT HIS OBSERVER. THE HALBERSTADT'S REAR GUNNER MADE A DEATH TRY AS THE MORANE DODGED HIS TAIL. HE SENT A FINAL, DESPERATE, WITHERING STREAM OF LEAD AT EDDIE'S SHIP...



THE MORANE BURST INTO FLAME...

THEY WATCHED WITH HORROR, THE MEN OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE. THEY WATCHED THE HALBERSTADT CRASH. THEY WATCHED THE MORANE FOLLOW...SMASHING TO EARTH...BURNING...

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE! WE CAN'T LET HIM ROAST TO DEATH...



PROLOGUE: THE SERGEANT SLOSHED DOWN THE SANDBAG-LINED TRENCH TO WHERE THE AMERICAN SAT WITH HIS FRIENDS...

A COMMUNIQUE FOR YOU, ROLFE! IT IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR! TRANSFER ORDERS! THERE IS AN OPENING IN THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE!



WITHIN A WEEK, BURT ROLFE JOINED HIS FELLOW AMERICANS OF THE FAMOUS LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE.

WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, BURT!

YOU'RE GLAD! LISTEN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN THOSE COOTY-INFESTED TRENCHES! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I DREAMED OF THIS... AND PRAYED FOR THIS



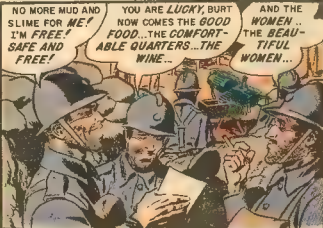
SOMEHOW, THEY GOT EDDIE OUT OF HIS WRECKED AND BURNING SHIP. MIRACULOUSLY HE WAS STILL ALIVE...

HE'S BADLY BURNED! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO THE BASE HOSPITAL!

BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE! MAYBE THE JINX HAS BEEN BROKEN!



THE OTHER PILOTS GATHERED AROUND BURT ROLFE, THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, AND POUNDED HIS BACK AND SHOOK HIS HAND GLEEFULLY...

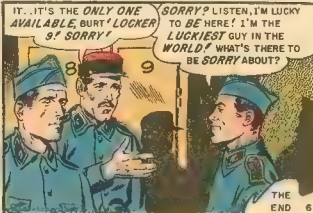


NO MORE MUD AND SLIME FOR ME! I'M FREE! SAFE AND FREE!

YOU ARE LUCKY, BURT NOW COMES THE GOOD FOOD...THE COMFORTABLE QUARTERS...THE WINE...

AND THE WOMEN... THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...

THEY TOOK BURT INTO QUARTERS AND SHOWED HIM WHERE TO STOW HIS GEAR. EVEN THOUGH THE JINX HAD BEEN BROKEN, HIS NEW FRIENDS STILL APOLOGIZED AS THEY SHOWED HIM HIS LOCKER.



IT...IT'S THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE, BURT! LOCKER 9! SORRY!

SORRY? LISTEN, I'M LUCKY TO BE HERE! I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD! WHAT'S THERE TO BE SORRY ABOUT?

# IF YOU LIKE NEW EXPERIENCES, YOU'LL LOVE E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS

IF YOU LIKE THE PUNCH OF SURPRISE  
ENDINGS...



YOU'LL LOVE THE SOCK STORIES IN...

## IMPACT

IF YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF MORTAL  
COMBAT...



YOU'LL LOVE THE FLAVOR OF...

## VALOR

IF YOU LIKE THE THRILLS OF HEADLINE  
HUNTING...



YOU'LL LOVE THE ADVENTURES IN...

## EXTRA!

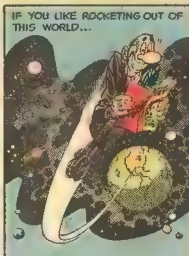
IF YOU LIKE AERIAL ACTION...



YOU'LL LOVE THE EXPLOITS OF...

## ACES HIGH

IF YOU LIKE ROCKETING OUT OF  
THIS WORLD...



YOU'LL LOVE THE LIFT YOU'LL GET FROM...  
INCREDIBLE

## SCIENCE-FICTION

IF YOU LIKE "WALKING THE PLANK"...



YOU'LL LOVE THE YARNS IN...

## PIRACY

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF THE ABOVE E.C. "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS,  
YOU'LL LOVE THE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER!





# LAUGHING WARRIOR



A gray haired man stood by a newspaper kiosk near the Place de l'Opera in Paris on the morning of September 12, 1917. As he opened his favorite paper, the black headline across the front page struck him like a blow. He looked up from the paper into the eyes of the news-dealer. Both men could not control their tears and wept unashamedly. They were not the only ones. The news spread quickly throughout Paris, and, from Clichy to Bois Vincennes, people wept at what they read. They shed their tears for a twenty-three year old flier named Georges Guynemer who met his death in an air battle over Poelcapelle in the afternoon of September 11th.

The Parisians mourned him because he was one of their own—a native of Paris, who knew and loved the crooked streets, the wide boulevards. As a lad, Guynemer had savored Paris to its limit. Paris was part of him. He was part of Paris. Handsome, charming and filled with the zest of life, Georges Guynemer came from a well-to-do family. There was little in his early life to indicate that someday, this boy, born on Christmas Eve, 1894, would become the greatest of all French war heroes, and would win the adulation of an entire nation.

Georges led a typically middle-class life. He was a good athlete, excelling in fencing and tennis. He had all the social graces and was being trained to enter his father's prospering textile business, when a student in far-off Serbia shot the Arch Duke of Austria and caused the first World War.

Georges went to the front with his regi-

ment and fought in most of the early battles as an infantry sergeant. But trenches and mud were not for him. He volunteered for the air service and was accepted. Late in 1915, he joined the famous Stork Squadron where he piloted a speedy Nieuport Chaser plane. Before long, it grew obvious that Guynemer was a flier of unusual merit. He was a fearless, but not reckless combat pilot. An avid student of aerial tactics, it was Guynemer who first realized that every plane has a "blind spot." Carefully studying the types of aircraft used by the Germans, Guynemer learned where the vulnerable places were located and attacked his foes in those areas. The success of his strategy was apparent in the total of enemy planes he downed in single-handed combat—fifty-three.

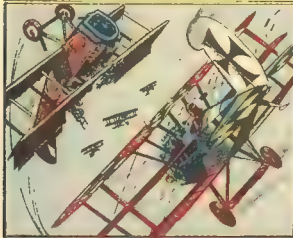
Guynemer captured the imagination of the French public as no other hero could. He symbolized the best in France, with his dashing good looks, his infectious smile and his boldness. In fact, Guynemer has become the prototype for the hero in certain types of fiction and movies. He had an odd quirk in his personality—a deep, moody introspection. When this took hold of him, Guynemer was convinced that he would not survive the war. He once told a comrade that he would never reach his twenty third birthday. His gloomy prediction came true. He was shot down attacking a flight of four Germans over Poelcapelle three months before his birthday. A lucky burst from some unknown enemy gunner struck Guynemer and the laughing warrior died even before his plane crashed . . . France's greatest ace.

# FOOTNOTE

YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THE JOB AHEAD OF YOU WHEN THE FOKKER TRI-PLANES DROP OUT OF THE SUN, AND SO YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF THE THREE DRAGONFLIES DARTING DOWN ON YOU WITH DEATH IN THEIR STINGS. YOUR DESTINATION IS JUST BELOW, AND YOU WONDER IDLY WHY THE SPADES ARE RISING TO MEET YOU. THEN YOU FIND OUT...SUDDENLY...



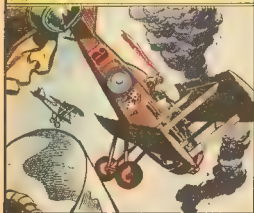
YOU ACT INSTINCTIVELY. YOUR IMMELMANN SNAPS YOU UP AND BACK, OUT OF THE FOKKER'S SIGHTS ...



AND THEN, THE SPADES ARE THERE. YOU SEE THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WITH THE SILK STOCKING STREAMING FROM HIS HELMET, POURING A DEADLY LINE OF TRACERS INTO THE BELLY OF THE FOKKER ON YOUR TAIL.



YOU SEE THE FOKKER MUSHROOM INTO A BLACK PUFF OF SMOKE AND SCREAM EARTHWARD. YOU SEE THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT GRIN AND THUMB HIS NOSE AT IT...



YOU WATCH AS THE OTHER TWO BOCHÉ TRI-PLANES TURN TAIL AND RUN. YOU BANK, CUT BACK THE THROTTLE, AND GLIDE IN FOR A LANDING. YOU SET YOUR SHIP DOWN ON THE TARMAC AND WAIT. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WITH THE SILK STOCKING IS THE FIRST TO COME DOWN AFTER YOU. HE PAN-CAKES IN SLOPPILY AND CLIMBS FROM HIS COCKPIT...

HI! YOU MUST BE **MAJOR TROUT**,  
THE **NEW C.O.**! MY NAME'S  
**LAWSON**...

DO YOU **ALWAYS** FLY  
IN YOUR **PAJAMAS**,  
LIEUTENANT?



THE OTHERS HAVE COME UP BEHIND THE LIEUTENANT IN THE FLYING JACKET AND PAJAMAS. THEY STAND THERE... LISTENING... STARING...

WHY... WHY, **NO, SIR!**  
NOT **ALWAYS**, SIR!  
I WAS IN THE  
READY ROOM, **RELAX-**  
**ING**... AND YOU WERE  
IN **TROUBLE**...

NOTHING I  
COULDN'T  
**HANDLE!**  
CASUALTIES  
AT THIS  
'DROME HAVE  
BEEN **HIGH...**  
**TOO HIGH!**



NOW, I BEGIN TO SEE  
**WHY** CARELESS-  
NESS AND SLIP-  
SHOD DISCIPLINE!



BUT ALL THAT WILL  
**CHANGE!** THAT'S  
WHY I'M **HERE!** YOU  
WILL INTRODUCE YOUR-  
SELVES TO ME IN  
EXACTLY **ONE HOUR...**  
IN MY QUARTERS... IN  
**PROPER UNIFORM!**



**YOU! MECHANIC!**  
GET THOSE **PARTS**  
OFF THE **GROUND!**  
WE HAVE **TARPS**  
FOR THAT **PURPOSE!**  
AND **CLEAN YOUR-**  
**SELF UP!** THIS  
ISN'T A **MINSTREL**  
**SHOW!**

Y-YES  
SIR!



YOU GO TO WORK AT ONCE. YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, AND YOU DO IT. THE PILOTS REPORT TO YOU IN AN HOUR IN PROPER UNIFORM. LATER, YOU WATCH THE EVENING PATROL TAKE OFF.

**SLOPPY!** POST A NOTICE, SERGEANT! THERE  
WILL BE **FORMATION FLIGHT DRILL** AT  
1000 HOURS TOMORROW! **ALL PILOTS!**



THE MEN DON'T LIKE IT. THEY DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU KNOW IT. BUT THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN. THEY MUST. SO YOU WORK ON THEM.

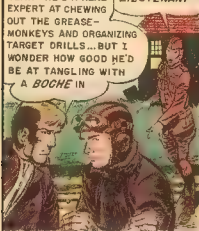
PRACTICE! DISCIPLINE! ALERTNESS!  
**BAH!** HE WASN'T SO ALERT WHEN  
THOSE THREE **JERRIES** JUMPED HIM.



YOU TURN FROM THE TARGET AS YOU OVERHEAR.

YEAH! HE'S A REAL EXPERT AT CHEWING OUT THE GREASE-MONKEYS AND ORGANIZING TARGET DRILLS... BUT I WONDER HOW GOOD HE'D BE AT TANGLING WITH A BOCHE IN

LIEUTENANT!



S-SIR?!

THOSE TRI-PLANES COULDN'T HAVE JUMPED ME IF YOU PILOTS HAD SPOTTED THEM SOONER! AS TO MY ABILITIES, SEE THAT MY SHIP IS ON THE TARMAC IN THE MORNING. I INTEND TO FLY WITH THE PATROL!



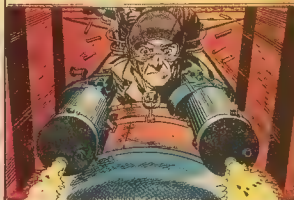
AT DAWN, YOU'RE ON THE FLIGHT LINE. THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THE MECHANICS MOVE QUICKLY... EFFICIENTLY. BUT EVEN SO, YOU EXAMINE YOUR SHIP PAINSTAKINGLY...



THE OTHERS SMILE, BUT YOU IGNORE THEM. THE PATROL LIFTS INTO THE DAWN SKY, AND YOU KNOW THAT THEY'RE WATCHING TO SEE IF YOU'RE A REAL FLYER OR JUST A PETTY TYRANT. WHEN THE FLIGHT OF D7 FOKKERS APPEARS BELOW, YOU'RE READY TO SHOW THEM. YOU SHOVE YOUR STICK FORWARD...



YOUR MEN FOLLOW YOU DOWN, THE WIND SHRIEKING THROUGH THEIR STRUT WIRES. AS YOU COME WITHIN RANGE OF THE NOW-SCATTERING HUNS, YOU TRIGGER YOUR TWIN VICKERS



THE JERRY D7 IN YOUR SIGHTS SHUDDERS AND BEGINS TO SPIT FLAME FROM ITS COWL. THE OTHERS ARE IN NOW, FIRING, DIVING, ZOOMING. IT'S A MAD SCRAMBLE. THEY FLY LIKE MANIACS, THESE MEN OF YOURS. THEY THROW THEIR SHIPS AROUND LIKE TOYS... AND LAUGH AS THEY FIGHT...



YAAHOOOO!

A SCREAMING POWER DIVE TEARS LOOSE A STRUT ON YOUNG LT. LAWSON'S SHIP. AND YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES IT. THE BOCHE CLOSES IN ON HIM, GUNS SPITTING. LAWSON IGNORES THE WAVING STRUT. BUT ONE MORE DIVE MAY BUCKLE HIS WING! YOU'VE GOT TO ACT





THE D7 FLARES UP LIKE A FIERY TORCH AND PLUMMETS EARTHWARD. THE REST RUN



YOU WAG YOUR WINGS. THE OTHERS FALL IN BEHIND YOU AND YOU HEAD FOR HOME. LAWSON IS GRINNING WHEN HE CLIMBS FROM HIS CRIPPLED SPAD

YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU BREAK AWAY WHEN THAT STRUT BROKE LOOSE?

WHY, SIR? IT WASN'T TOO BAD!



AND I KNEW ONE OF OUR GANG WOULD COVER ME IF I GOT INTO TROUBLE!

SOMEONE DID! I COVERED YOU! AND SUPPOSE I'D GOTTEN BLASTED OUT OF THE AIR DOING IT? YOU KNOW MY ORDERS, LIEUTENANT! NO UNNECESSARY CHANCES!



OF COURSE, SIR! BUT, I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR YOU! IF ONE OF US HAD GOTTEN IT... WELL, THAT'S THE LUCK OF THE GAME! THE STRUT WASN'T IMPORTANT!

LUCK!? THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK IN THIS GAME, LAWSON! WAR IS FOR KEEPS... AND THE STAKES ARE HIGH!



YOU TURN TO THE OTHERS GRIMLY...

THE STRUT WAS IMPORTANT! NOTHING IS UNIMPORTANT IN WAR! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE DISCIPLINE! YOU MEN ARE GOING TO LEARN THE MEANING OF THAT WORD IF I HAVE TO GROUND EVERY ONE OF YOU!



YOUR WORDS SPILL OVER THEM LIKE ACID BURNING. AFTER THAT, THEY SPEAK TO YOU ONLY WHEN THEY MUST. THEY'RE ANGRY BUT THEY'RE LEARNING. THAT'S THE THING THAT COUNTS! YOU'RE DOING YOUR JOB



THE SQUADRON'S BAG MOUNTS. EACH DAY, NEW CROSSES ARE ADDED TO THE TOTE BOARD. EACH CROSS... A DOWNED JERRY, AND NO NEW NAMES ARE ADDED TO YOUR LIST OF LOSSES. THE SQUADRON BECOMES A DEADLY WAR MACHINE



BUT, ALTHOUGH YOU NOW COMMAND A SMOOTH, ALMOST FLAWLESS FIGHTING MACHINE, YOUR JOB IS ONLY HALF DONE. THE MACHINE MUST BE **KEPT** FLAWLESS. THE MEN STILL DESPISE YOU. YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE BATTLE TO WIN. SO YOU CALL THEM ALL IN ONE EVENING...

YOU...YOU ASKED US IN TO TELL US A STORY, SIR? A...A STORY?

THAT **SURPRISES** YOU, EH? YOU CONSIDER ME NOT QUITE **HUMAN AND ABOVE** THAT SORT OF THING? YES, GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO TELL YOU A STORY! BE AT EASE. SIT DOWN...



THEY GRUMBLE, BUT THEY MAKE THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE. YOU LOOK AROUND AND THEN YOU BEGIN...

MY STORY CONCERNS A FLIER. WE'LL CALL HIM SMITH. SMITH WAS A LIEUTENANT WHEN THIS HAPPENED...A MAN VERY MUCH LIKE YOURSELVES. SMITH, TOO, GOT QUITE A THRILL OUT OF WAR...



"BUT SMITH, TOO, WAS WILD AND RECKLESS. HE WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING. PERHAPS THAT WAS WHY HE WAS CHOSEN FOR A PARTICULAR MISSION..."

ANY QUESTIONS, LIEUTENANT?

NONE, SIR! IT LOOKS EASY ENOUGH. I FIND THE HUN AMMO DUMP... DROP MY EGGS... AND THAT'S ALL. SIMPLE.



IT MAY **SEEM** SIMPLE, SMITH... BUT IT'S **IMPORTANT!** THAT DUMP SUPPLIES JERRY'S **FRONT LINE TROOPS**... AND THOSE TROOPS ARE PREPARING TO **ATTACK!**

SO WE BLOW UP THEIR AMMO AND STYMIE THEIR PUSH, EH? NOTHING TO IT, MAJOR! IT'LL BE A JOY RIDE!



I... I HOPE SO, SMITH. YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN. A SINGLE SHIP WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE. GOOD LUCK. ER... YOU HAVE THREE HOURS. I SUGGEST YOU SPEND IT CHECKING YOUR SHIP!

YES, SIR!



"BUT SMITH, LIKE YOU, WAS UNDISCIPLINED. HE NEVER DID CHECK HIS SHIP. HE HAD OTHER IDEAS. AFTER ALL... THERE WAS THE VILLAGE... THE CAFE... AND THE FRENCH WOMEN..."

SIR, HADN'T WE BETTER GET **STARTED?** IT'S ALMOST TIME!

AT EASE, SERGEANT! AT EASE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M **BUSY?**



"SMITH HAD HIMSELF A TIME. WHEN HE FINALLY RETURNED TO HIS 'DROME, THERE WERE ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT FOR HIM AND HIS GUNNER TO SNATCH THEIR GEAR..."

**HOLD IT, SIR!** THIS GOTTER-PIN IS LOOSE!

**NO TIME! FORGET IT!** WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



BUT, LIEUTENANT...

I'LL GIVE YOUR LOVE TO THE KAISER, BOYS! SWITCH ON! **CONTACT!**



"SMITH NEVER GAVE THAT COTTER-PIN A SECOND THOUGHT. HE LIFTED HIS DE H-9 LIKE A FEATHER AND IN HALF AN HOUR, HE WAS OVER HIS TARGET. HE CAME IN LOW AND HIS BOMBARDIER-GUNNER LET THE EGGS GO..."



"THE DUMP WENT SKY-HIGH IN A BLINDING SUCCESSION OF EXPLOSIONS AND SMITH ALMOST SANG WITH THE THRILL AND THE PLEASURE OF IT. THIS WAS LIVING! AND WHEN HE'D GO...HE'D GO LIKE *THAT*... SWIFT... CLEAN! HE YANKED JOYOUSLY ON THE STICK...PUT HIS DE HAVILAND INTO A CLIMB...AND THEN IT HAPPENED..."



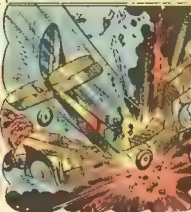
LOOK, LIEUTENANT!  
THE AILERON!

"SMITH FOLLOWED THE SERGEANT'S WILD GESTICULATIONS. HE SAW THE AILERON TEAR LOOSE, TAKING A HUGE STRIP OF WING FABRIC WITH IT..."



THE WHOLE WING WILL GO,  
LIEUTENANT! THE WIND WILL  
TEAR OFF THE FABRIC...

"SMITH PUSHED THE STICK FORWARD. THERE WAS JUST ONE CHANCE! TAKE THE BOMBER DOWN! FORCE LAND IT BEFORE IT WENT OUT OF CONTROL! ONLY...HE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT..."



LIEUTENANT!  
ARE. ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

MY...MY LEG!  
OOOOHH! I...  
I THINK...IT'S...  
BEEN CRUSHED!  
THAT... THAT  
COTTER  
PIN...



SUCH A LITTLE THING, GENTLEMEN!  
ONE SMALL PIN! A FREAK ACCI-  
DENT? PERHAPS! BUT IT HAPPENED!  
THAT LOOSE PIN COST US A BOMBER...  
AND IT ALMOST COST US TWO MEN  
AS WELL...



ALMOST? THEN  
SMITH AND THE  
SERGEANT GOT  
AWAY, SIR?

YES, THEY GOT AWAY! THEY MADE IT BACK  
TO OUR LINES...THE SERGEANT CARRYING THE  
LIEUTENANT ON HIS BACK...AT NIGHT. BUT  
SMITH HAD BEEN *WRONG*! THERE WAS  
NOTHING *SWIFT* OR *CLEAN* ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED TO HIM. YOU SEE...  
HE LOST THAT LEG!



YOU LET THAT SINK IN. YOU LET THEM PICTURE THEMSELVES CRIPPLED. BATTERED. THEN...CASUALLY YOU CROSS YOUR LEGS...



CHOKE YOU!

THEN THEN YOU WERE THAT LIEUTENANT SMITH, SIR!

THERE IS A MOMENT OF STRAINED SILENCE AS THE MEN STARE DOWN AT YOUR ARTIFICIAL LIMB, THEN...

I. I GUESS WE'VE ALL BEEN PRETTY **STUPID**, SIR! ALL THIS TIME YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO **SAVE US**...FROM... **THAT**...AND WE NEVER **UNDERSTOOD!**

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO **SAVE THE GOVERNMENT** THE **LOSS OF EXPENSIVE PLANES** AND **TRAINED MEN**, LIEUTENANT LAWSON. HAVE I...MADE MY POINT?



YOU LOOK AROUND. THE MEN NOD GRIMLY...

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, SIR. I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY PROBLEM WITH **US** FROM NOW ON IN' NOT NOT WITH **ANY** OF US!

GOOD! WE'VE GOT AN EARLY FLIGHT IN THE MORNING, GENTLEMEN. WE CAN ALL USE SOME REST! GOOD NIGHT!



THEY FILE OUT SOBERLY AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE WON THAT LAST BATTLE. THEY'LL **GO ON** BEING DEADLY AND EFFICIENT NOW! YOU **KNOW** THAT! WHEN THE LAST OF THEM HAVE LEFT, YOU CALL TO YOUR ORDERLY...



SERGEANT! GET ME OUT OF THIS BLASTED THING. **WILL YOU?** IT'S **KILLING ME!**

THE SERGEANT COMES IN AND HELPS YOU. IN A MOMENT YOU'RE RID OF THE CONTRAPTION. AND WHAT A RELIEF IT IS. YOUR REAL LEG HAS BEEN STRAPPED BACK TIGHTLY FOR OVER AN HOUR NOW, AND IT'S PRETTY STIFF...



AH-H-H! THAT'S BETTER.

YOUR JOB IS DONE. YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE WOODEN LEG AGAIN. THE SERGEANT PUTS IT AWAY. AND HE'S GRINNING. SO YOU PERMIT YOURSELF THE LUXURY OF A SMILE TOO...AT LONG LAST...



THAT WAS QUITE A **YARN**, SIR! I HEARD IT FROM THE NEXT ROOM! YOU ALMOST HAD **ME** BELIEVING THAT PART ABOUT YOUR LEG.

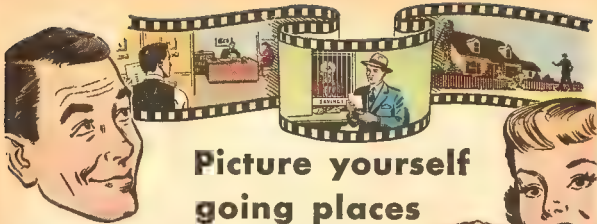
I DID MY **BEST!** BUT, THEN, IT WASN'T **TOO HARD!**

YOU LEAN BACK...



AFTER ALL...I **MIGHT** HAVE LOST A LEG WHEN WE CRASHED IN THAT DE HAVILLAND!





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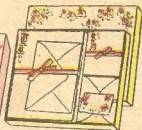
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# 16 to 29 miles or Gallon From Now Why Can't You?

## SPECIAL NOTE

This story is completely true. This car exists—in **Idell, Pennsylvania**. The owner... he had a handyman... he had never touched the engine of his car before September 18, 1953.

And yet, in one working day, this man got 14 miles MORE per gallon from his car. He increased the horsepower of his car by 20%. He tripled the number of miles he could drive without changing his oil. And he did this without buying one single piece of new equipment—without making one major change anywhere on that car!

Here is his amazing story, told in his own words. And here is the complete proof—the simple, step-by-step instructions that show YOU how to equal this performance how to save this gas—how to practically double the horsepower of your car—and start doing it—TODAY!

By WALTER ALSTON

Let me start this way. I own a 1952 Chevy. I'm the original owner. I've driven the car some 27,000 miles. Until six months ago, this car was no better or worse than any other automobile on the highway.

Until six months ago, I'd been getting 16 miles a gallon from my car on the open road. Today, I get 29 miles a gallon. Six months ago it took me 20 seconds to accelerate from zero to 40 miles an hour. Today, I make it in 15 seconds flat. I leave other Chevies a half-block behind at the lights. And they wouldn't believe it if I told them that I'm using less gas than they are!

Now, I'm no mechanic. Until six months ago, I never really touched the engine of my car. I bought no expensive tools. I made no major mechanical changes, because I couldn't make them. I didn't spend one red penny for "gimmicks" or "gas savers" of any kind. The only difference between my car today—and the performance that you can get out of your car—is one day or one week or one month from now—lies in a few simple, scientific facts. I learned these facts from the best of the country's top automotive engineers. I'd like to give them to you—right now!

## This Is What Automotive Engineers Discovered About Your Car!

1. These engineers learned that the average driver probably WASTES 2 to 2½ gallons of gas out of every 10—simply because no one has ever taught him the few professional secrets of smart driving! That he doesn't know how to avoid second gear—and save 40% of the gasoline he now uses, every time he touches his shift. That he doesn't know how to beat stop-and-go driving and save 75% of the gasoline he now uses, every time he pulls away from a light. That he does not know the right way to warm up his car—and save 20% of the gasoline he now uses, every time he pulls away from his garage. And that if he could learn these few simple tricks, then he could increase his mileage by 3-5-7 miles a gallon immediately—without touching a single tool—without lifting up his hood.

2. These experts learned that an additional 2 to 3 gallons out of every ten are wasted in the engine of your car. That not one drop of that gasoline goes to move your wheels an inch. That this wasted gasoline is burned up to beat the unnecessary friction in your engine... that it leaks out of the cracks and holes in your engine... that it's never exploded... that it never goes to the pistons... because of the wheels. These men discovered that if you could find a lubricant that reduced that friction... if you could find a seal that kept the oil in the crankcase... if you could find a compressor that increased that explosion—then you would automatically save that wasted gasoline—you would increase that mileage by an additional 3 to 7 miles a gallon—and you would end up with as much as 8-10 and 12 and even 14 extra miles a gallon.

3. And at the same time—because you were getting more out of your engine—you would automatically get faster pick-up... greater accel-

## Save Up To 50% On Your Car Bills—This Year Alone!

This is just the beginning! Suppose that you could have these very same experts—these Indianapolis mechanics... Detroit engineers... and United States government scientists—RIGHT AT YOUR ELBOW 24 hours a day!

Suppose these experts showed you simple 2-minute adjustments to your spark plugs that added as much as 2 to 3 miles per gallon to your car... plus an easy trick with your tires, that added as much as 4 miles per gallon to your car... plus a way that you could switch one single wire in your engine and save up to 40 gallons on your winter driving!

Suppose these experts gave you the trick of automatically cleaning the valve, sludge, carbon out of your engine, and adding as much as 3 years to the life of your car... plus the secret of adding as much as 10,000 miles to your tires without even picking up a tool... plus wonderful 2-minute tips on what to do when your battery or engine or radiator failed... so you could start that "dead" battery without a push or a tow... so you could prevent that radiator from overheating even in the worst traffic... so you could start that engine in minutes even in below freezing weather.

## Get Up To 14 Miles More Per Gallon From Your Car!

This is exactly what a brand-new book, HOW TO DOUBLE THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR CAR—does for you. This book is guaranteed to save you up to 60% or 70% of your present oil bills... up to 80% of your present repair bills... and to add as much as \$200 to \$250 to the resale value of your car.

Here are dozens of gas-saving tricks that can save you \$100 to \$150 in gas bills—this year alone!

Here's how to get an extra 20%... 25%... 30% more power from your car without spending a penny—the power you need to get out of trouble on the highway... to zoom away from other cars at the lights. Here's how to add 5-10 miles an hour to your top speed... how to drive up to 3,000 miles safely—without changing your oil! Here's how to get 25,000 more miles from your tires without touching a tool... how to stop steering wheel "play"... how to prevent your windshield from fogging up during the winter... how to fix a stuck horn... how to instantly get out of snow or sand without a tow!



## Save Up To \$100 in Repair Bills This Season Alone!

Here's the easy, quick way to make dents and scratches disappear—no good—how to remove rust from chrome—keep it sparkling bright, for months—how to make your car "customize" your car... re-style your grill... make your own Continental Rear Tire for less than \$10... how to lower your car... how to "soup up" your car for more power and mileage!

Here is your Complete Fix-It-Yourself Section that may save you \$100 to \$150 this season alone! Here's how to prevent the most costly breakdowns—before they happen! How to prevent carbon and valve jobs—major clutch replacements—carburetor, brake and starting failures. Simple step-by-step picture directions show you how to adjust brakes yourself and save \$3! Repair a clutch yourself and save \$13. Add new life to your battery and save as much as \$18! Fix a leaky radiator and save \$20!

Here's exactly what to do when your engine won't start—when your engine misfires—if your engine stalls or floods—if you use too much oil—if your engine idles rough—black exhaust smoke—poor acceleration—labors—overheats—ping—knocks, shimmies—wanders and dozens more!

Here's a quick, 3-minute way to free sticking valves, without touching a tool! A 20-second way to prevent oil waste. How to get faster warm-ups in winter. Here's an emergency road flare that doesn't cost a penny... how to make anti-freeze last for two, or more seasons. How to tell whether or not you really need a ring job, and perhaps save up to \$250 on your car. Car repair books have sold separately for as high as \$5 apiece! But now this amazing new car owner's fix-it-yourself section is yours at just one part of this amazing book! ACT TODAY!

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MAKE OF CAR \_\_\_\_\_ YEAR \_\_\_\_\_

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Here Is Authentic Documentation  
NOTE: The information listed below is obtained from the publisher's library through the publishers listed. These pamphlets should be read by every driver.

## ON REPAIRS: THE REPAIR MAN WILL QVY YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

By Roger W. Reiss, Publisher by the Reader's Digest, July, 1941

## ON GAS MILEAGE: 150 MILES A GALLON IS POSSIBLE.

by E. H. Burgess

## INCREASED FUEL ECONOMY.

by Plymouth Division, Chrysler Corporation

## ON OIL MILEAGE: OIL DOES NOT WEAR OUT MECHANICALLY.

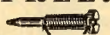
United States Bureau of Standards... Bulletin 86

## CHANGE YOUR OIL, MISTER.

by Jack Harrison Pollock, True Magazine, June, 1952

you'll save on your first minor repair. Try this book for 30 days. If you're not completely satisfied return for your full money back.

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Once they're in, the purpose of these Air Bled Needles is TO STOP YOUR CAR FROM CHANGING TO STOP-AND-GO DRIVING—to save you as much as 2 to 4 miles a gallon on your stop-and-go driving! If you are your car in the city... if you drive in work... if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then do believe you'll like the way you feel just this equipment in your car!

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Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

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